

# THE DAILY REBEL.

Office on Market Street, nearly opposite the Post Office.

CHATANOOGA:  
TUESDAY MORNING, NOV. 18, 1862.

## THE SITUATION.

Many persons are on the *qui vive* at this moment. The first great gun in the opening campaign in Middle Tennessee is looked for today. A column of the enemy have been reported on the Lebanon turnpike, whose point of destination is supposed to be Murfreesboro. Preparations are in active progress to give them a warm reception in the latter place.

Morgan's brigade occupied the most adjacent position to that of the enemy, whom he has been reconnoitering with great success. Forrest guards the main avenue on the left.

On receiving information of the advance of the enemy Gen. Breckinridge threw out a column to meet him; and a branch of this column, seven thousand strong, encountered a force of thirteen thousand at Lavergne. Heavy firing followed, and reinforcements were sent, but up to the hour of going to press, we have no details. It was understood that Gen. Cheatham's division was ordered down from Tullahoma.

Confidence is felt in military circles that Breckinridge will not only hold his position, but will be enabled to drive every advance back upon the fortified positions in and around Nashville.

There was a rumor that Gen. Bragg had ridden down to the front, but it is not credited.

The "situation" in Virginia is quiet, so far as we learn from our despatches; although the Northern papers speak of federal reverses. In North Carolina the fever checks the enemy's advance. An *en dépit* upon the streets alludes to the capture of Pollard station on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. It is not confirmed however, and we do not credit the report.

Our notice has been directed to a paragraph which occurred in this place of our issue for Sunday, which might be construed into a reflection upon the regular post route agents of this department. We explain with great pleasure that no such inference was intended. The subordinate officers of the general department are in no way responsible, we feel assured, for the delays in which this route from Head Quarters and we know of no more energetic or reliable officers than Messrs. Ford, Douthit and McCoy. One of these gentlemen informs us that the stoppage of the mails for Middle Tennessee, during the last few weeks, was not by order of the department at Richmond, but by the military. We are willing to give even the devil his due, we so state to the credit of the Post Office Department.

The removal of McClellan opens as pretty a theme for speculation as the ups and downs of the men of the New World ever offered. From the days of Captain John Smith, the first filibuster, to those of William Walker, the last, nothing has equalled it; the status of no man has been so noteworthy; and the moral of no career has been so suggestive. It is a little curious, however, to mark the resembling features of those men, who have suddenly risen and as suddenly passed out of existence. Sometimes they have delighted, often they have perplexed, and always they disappoint. Men no sooner begin to marl, than they disappear down the back stairway and dark alley of time; thence seen no more. It is very true that the dogs of war, the world over, like other dogs, have their day. But the day of these seems to be especially brief; nor only brief, but fickle and April-like; closing in a dusk as forbidding as it is early.

A still more curious family likeness is to be found in this, that the borrowed lion-skin, which many of these men have assumed, has variably fallen from them, revealing the smirched face of "Snug the Joiner," and no lion after all. Thus Iturbide, "the Hannibal of Mexico," and Simon Bolivar, "the Washington of Columbia" and Dr. Franca, "the Cromwell of Paraguay," and Patrick O'Higgins the "Old Hickory of Chile," all had their day, such as it was, and successively went by the board. Poor McClellan caps the woful catalogue, and now stands, weary and worn with service, stripped of power, stripped of place, stripped of sword, and belt, and plume, and above all, stripped of the lion skin of "the Little Napoleon."

It is the old, old story, and for the sake of the lesson it teaches, worthy of attentive study. The battle of Manassas crippled the North; it put the whole concern on crutches. Defeat and panic scattered the "gran army" like so much china ware. Its fragments were strewn from Fairfax Court house to Arlington Heights, and thence all over the Middle States. The prostration was complete and overpowering, and the South lost its golden chance in failing to follow after

immediately. We might have played almighty smash then and there, with the entire set. But we did not. Instead of so doing we got drunk on glory, and (it must be owned, at that early stage of the blockade) on pretty creditable liquors. We let the chance slip. The enemy got his crutches. Like Little John of merry Sherwood, he brandished them lustily, until he recovered altogether and could do without them.

It was McClellan who set him on his pegs. McClellan prepared the crutches, McClellan directed his first feeble step, and ever since McClellan has led him, if not to victory, at least out of the way of death. An army demoralized; its legions scattered like spray; a whole nation panic-stricken; a capital environed by the wide arms of revolution. Such he found, when a sudden telegraph summoned him from the wilds of Western Virginia. The feathers of Gen. Scott trailed in the dust. McDowell disgraced Fremont not arrived. There was no one else. He, like Wallenstein was the only God of War—

"Tis I must rise, and with creative hand Assimilate forces in the desolate camps."

He did it. No one can rob him of this claim to the respect of history, that out of an execrable mass of rubbish, by toil, by patience, and by ingenuity, he organized an army of rare dimensions and of beautiful discipline. If he could not infuse it with true patriotism and vital courage, he gave it all the artificial life and animation, which belong to military pageantry. If he could not lead it in triumph against a foe, desperately valorous and splendidly commanded, it was as much the fault of his material as himself. And if he has failed to squelch the rebellion and plant the "stars and stripes" over Richmond, he has only verified the prediction of every man of sagacious good sense in Europe and America.

Next to Lincoln's proclamation, these things formed the issue upon which the Democratic party ran its late race. Around him they rallied with an enthusiasm, which only needed a better cause to make it noble. They carried the day. In all the annals of politics we know of no campaign so brilliant, nor any victory so splendid. Beginning in the West, the tide of reaction passed through Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey like an electric thrill, culminating in one grand explosion which scattered the rotten element of Secession all over the imperial Commonwealth of New York.

To trace this gigantic battle for Constitutional freedom would require a larger volume than the columns of this paper afford. It will be left to the historian to narrate the events of the Civil War, the tide of reaction passed through Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey like an electric thrill, culminating in one grand explosion which scattered the rotten element of Secession all over the imperial Commonwealth of New York.

To trace this gigantic battle for Constitutional freedom would require a larger volume than the columns of this paper afford. It was full of event, of excitement, of profound thought, of brave venture. It was fought over a field, which defeat, would have converted into a dungeon, and whose possession was contested inch by inch. The power of a corrupt administration on the one hand;

the delusions of fanaticism and ignorance on the other; the fear and treachery of a thoroughly subjugated public sentiment upon all; with the doors of Forts Warren and Lafayette creaking upon their hinges in front, these met, and overcame the Gorillas and his gang. Richardson in Illinois, Northerns and John G. Davis in Indiana, Cox, Long, and Vallandigham in Ohio, with John Van Buren and the Woods in New York, finished the business for the Republicans, and rode rough-shod into Congress.

In the midst of their rejoicing an alarm bell is heard. It is whispered in the street, it is muttered from the mail, it fairly trembles in the air, that the God of their idolatry has been cast down and disgraced out of spite. Presently the low voice becomes a loud roar. McClellan is removed. There is no doubt of it. It is officially announced. He has taken his farewell benefit. There is weeping among his men, there is a grave shaking of heads among his officers. The great man retires to the roof-tree of home, whilst the surges of the mob of public opinion sweep wildly to and fro.

John Happy, *relicius!* It affords us great pleasure to present John once more to his old friends. It gave us a still greater behold his pleasant face and shake his honest hand. Honest John Happy! His confessions are as sincere as they are amusing, and portray with graphic humor the operations of the "demon conscript." If John could be induced to give us some account of his late balloon excursion to London and Paris with political reflections and diplomatic speculations, it would be as diverting as instructive.

**FORGERTS.**—We refer our readers to the special order of the Provost Marshal on the subject of the liquor traffic, published in the *Rebel* of Sunday morning. We learn that several orders for liquor have been forged of late. We are also informed that the military authorities confiscated a barrel of whiskey on yesterday. Provost Peden has exhibited great energy and tact in reference to this matter and deserves great praise.

The Hon. Mitchell King departed this life at his summer residence, near Flat Rock, on Wednesday night last, at the advanced age of 79 years, sinking into the grave rather than natural decay, than disease.

[Specially scribbled for the *Chattanooga Rebel*.] **I DODGE THE DEMON "CONSCRIPT."**

"Tell me ye jingled wind,  
That round my pathway roams—  
Know ye not some fayred spot  
Where 'Dolgers dodge no more?'  
The wild winds sickened in my face,  
And whispered hoarsely,—"hav' place!"

SILVERWHITE.

"Ye Gods and Little wiggletails!" What a race the undersigned has had of it! Here I am, at length, in the Chattanooga; run down like a stag at bay, out of breath, tattered in habiliment, generally demoralized and disorganized in personnel, and suddenly brought up standing in Chattanooga, after many moon's absence from the great literary world!

Here somebody—hold the hat of J. H. fetch the subscriber a flagon *at ardent*, square yourselves around for a long story; open your earlobes but close all your other vents—and listen to me!

Since I last mortally appeared in the great arena of war, I have been deposed of my official position as a leader of the "hosts of Israel;" and having been honorably discharged from the army, have floated over the earth, an unpolished waif upon the great surface of the revolution, and have consequently been incidentally justled like a *clown*! (Which profane digres- son the reader will please omit when reading to a female audience.)

My adventures since that event have been transcendently sublime and exhilaratingly exciting. Disguised with the "Service" and the possibility of having to remain in it, in uncomfortable close companionship with a large mobster, I journeyed homeward—only there to discover that "Morgan's men" had already been in the neighborhood of the paternal roof, and that Feltina-Ann, (heretofore the idol of my existence) had engaged herself to be married to three others, and had fitted the undersigned on account of his advanced age and consequent inability to do *family* duty!!!

Broken-hearted, I plunged into the "Partisan Banner." Take care of yourself and sponge on your neighbor cavalry, and, mounted on a mule, soon learned to stampede on the approach of the enemy and to tell a whooping a le, in a full gallop, as any of 'em. In a lower anguish of despair, I endeavored to commit suicide, by throwing myself violently from my saddle in order to break all my legs but one, so that a simple maiden, with a superannuated but wealthy only father, should—

"Take me up tenderly,  
Name me up slenderly,"

and carry me for love—or, rather, because I belonged to the gizzed-toot and cucumber-skinned dragoons. I succeeded in falling off my mule, not being exceedingly drunk at the time, sustained no serious damage, except a twenty-ton bone twisted through the grand house, from which I effected my escape, in conjunction with my old friend, the Hon. Mr. Keturah Keg, proceeded rapidly to the far-away South, to be condemned by the advancing Federal authorities as a condemned Government plunder.

Stopped at Murfreesboro' on route—put up at the "Half-Tuck Retreat," where, at the table, heard Harry Peir of the Antislaves tell a diabolical "bad story," which, by the way, the individual so d�inated by it, caused the undersigned to choke him off with laughter and a piece of horse-grazie, in attempting a swallow about the climax of the story, and which unfortunate accident caused the violent ejection of Keg and self from the midst of the company by repeated application of hot leather. Keg, more than myself regretted, the inaudience of our removal at a moment so important and out of time—from the fact that he had just passed up his plate for a last morsel of that air-gallied *stuff*, and finally determined to eat himself full as swinefod, because of the one dollar tariff at the door.

We concluded to resume our travels. Crowding into a box car, full of sick-soldiers, we managed to board the train of "em," and in so doing worked our passage for nothing. Passing Tullahoma, both of us were recognized by General Bragg, Governor Harris, and General Cheatham, and others in authority who subsequently waved us cordially welcome with their hats off, and shouted to us as we passed (much to our mortification) that *"Confederate officers were thick along the line."*

"As leaves in Vauambra,"  
Look out! Happy—they'll get you," shouted General.

"Take care of your health, Keg—thou'lt big 'em up," announced General II.

"I'll better swallow poisons, you old Eps," taunted General II. In a fit of mortal disab- lishment, and the jury tried off in an aim to their apartments, while Keg and the subscriber were whisked down the road at the velocity of two miles per hour, and left to our own mad reflections as to how we should escape this confounded "conscript arrangement—a dilemma, I must confess, that we anticipated when we first started."

However we managed, successfully to dodge the shafts that were to hit Georgia—the entire population of which electorate Empie, having organized themselves into an army of enrolling officers, the better I presume, to avoid going to war themselves. We changed cars and took the down train South. Horrible horrors, we had no sooner done that thing, when I saw one of these fellows approaching. Immediately, with the vague hope of a drowning attempt to use a straw for a life preserver, I thought of Brown of Georgia. Oh! Gubernatorial phenomenon, I mentally examined, where art thou now? It was a dark night, but the carriage lamp revealed to me the rearing demon, and I saw that his gaze fell upon the unfortunate Keg and myself.

"Approach thou like a rugged  
Ruggedus heart!"

I pointed an almost inarticulate whisper—

"Take any shape but that of a cruel Georgian  
And my leg will save you."

But my mind was made up in an instant. I slipped out the door and climbed to the top of the carriage, where I succeeded in getting my hat knocked into a six-cornered affair by a bridge-beam, as we dashed beneath it. I lay at full length along the roof of the car and peeped over. Keg had made a ridiculous failure in his attempt to follow out the door—the bridge-beam had stopped him in the act of effecting his exit, and he and the man of enrollment were engaged in a spirited quarrel outside, in the midst of which I overheard my friend remark in a sullen tone, that—"he did reckon he was nigh about the best scurvy you ever seed?" The incendiary trickster! He was trying, as a last resort, to negotiate for the position of secretary to the conscription office, by way of a compromise. But it was no go. His name must go down. frantic with despair, Keg jerked the bell rope loosely. The train stopped suddenly that the *boss conspirator*, in the act of encompassing my friend in his coils, was just then precipitated violently across the platform. Keg, who had taken the precaution to hold tight when the "stop" came, mounted the cars beside me and we rode in safety till we dismounted at Atlanta and dived into the darkest of alleys. Here we procured each of us the garments of a female, and attired ourselves in the inconveniences of the sex, and proceeded, with a graceful, undulatory swing to peregrinate the thoroughfares, in defiance of the conscript, and without benefit of clergy."

It is needless to pursue this part of the adventure farther. The reader can readily imagine the tortuous condition of two lone females in a burg as fact as Atlanta, and so full as that burg was at the time, of soldiers, who, from their devoted attention and repeated

opportunities to "treason," proved conclusively that they must have procured their sick furloughs for the express purpose of displaying their gallantry to the ladies. The disguised, however, might have succeeded admirably, had it not have been for the indiscretion of the Hon. Kwort Keg, who, unmindful of the absence of his manumissionables, like Paddy Miles in the play, endeavored to draw a plug of tobacco from his breeches pocket in the streets, resulting in a grand denouement to this tragic chapter, and a tableau to the public, as uninteresting as it was ridiculous and *infamous*.

The officers, too, getting wind of it, nearly took the wind out of our sails, in a long chase after us, over the crossroads from Atlanta to this point where we have succeeded in domiciling ourselves in a place of concealment—and where we intend to remain until the day after to-morrow night, or until driven from our position, and compelled, like the military forces of the North—"to change our base of operations."

As ever, I complain, however,

Oh! Conscription Fathers,

—Your true friend, but artful Dodger.

JOHN HAPPY.

Lookout Mountain, Nov. 17.

PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE,  
Chattanooga, Nov. 18th, 1862.

Special Order:

No. 1. All persons wishing to purchase, splitwood, hewn logs for medical purposes must have an order from the Regular Surgeon approved by the Medical Director, or Post Surgeon and Provost Marshal.

All persons are strictly prohibited selling splitwood logs within the limits of the Subdistricts except Druggists and Grocery Merchants, who have special permission from the Commandant of the Post or the Provost Marshal.

III. Druggists and Grocery Merchants selling by special permission will be required to keep on file the names of persons entitled to receive the same.

IV. All persons who fail violating the above orders in reference to selling liquor, will have their liquor confiscated and turned over to the Post Surgeon or Medical Director.

By order of Brig. Gen. H. W. PEDEN,  
CHAS. W. PEDEN,  
Capt. & Provost Marshal.

CIGARS!

FINE BEAUREGARD CIGARS for sale (manufactured at Merritt Springs, near Dalton, Ga.) by

FRIZZELDALE & BRO.

LOST.

On the evening of the 15th inst., when returning from Lookout Mountain, a large size spy glass made by Bellamy of Louisville, and having the undersigned cut upon it, the glass was broken.

The glass will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at the Post Office.

Nov. 18th. T. L. SHIFFIELD.

AUCTION STORE.

WILL SELL, for anybody

ANYTHING THAT THEY WANT SOLD.

Terms corresponding with the times.

Nov. 19th. J. VAUGHN.

TARPAULIN.

HAVE ONE FOR SALE large enough to keep a

BATTALION OF MEN DRY. Price \$75.

Nov. 18th. M. B. PARHAM.

HERE'S YOUR

100 SACKS FLOUR;

100 BUSHELS POTATOES;

50 BUSHELS TURNIPS;

50 BUSHELS MEAL.

TO-DAY at [Nov. 18th] M. B. PARHAM.

FOR SALE.

For Sale by an Officer in the Army.

W. H. HOPKINS, one a thoroughbred Gracioso horse.

I have been honorably discharged from the service of the United States for the conduct of the war.

W. H. HOPKINS, Capt. & Provost Marshal.

VOLUNTEERS.

BEING fully authorized to raise and muster into the

service of the Confederate States a regiment of